



Edge



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Chapter 1 by Magdalene

Change wakes up gasping & sweat pouring down his forehead. His eyes are wild & glazed as he glances around the shed, his eyes first falling to the pick axes, shovels, & whatnot hanging on the wall, then to the beat up wall. He barely glances at me when his eyes fall to the ground.

"Are you okay?" I ask quietly taking his hand & squeezing it.

He wipes sweat from his forehead and nods. "Yeah, just a nightmare." He studies me, "Did I wake you up?"

I shake my head & struggle to my feet. "No, I was already up. Do you want to you leave since we're both awake?"

His green eyes dim and he fingers with the satchel laying next to him. He seems nervous and thoughtful & I begin to wonder what his nightmare was about. After all that had happened, deaths of our families, complete darkness, floods & storms, I could only imagine.

Changes eyes meet mine. "I suppose it would be safer if we left now, yeah?"

I nod & sling my backpack over my shoulder. He struggles to stand up & we head out of the shed. I can tell we're both tired, only have slept roughly four hours, but I also knew there would be no way for me or probably Change to go back to sleep, after we had seen that city yesterday get destroyed.

One glance at Change makes me feel guilty because he had gone through much more than I had. I am only something he picked up. I use problems & hold ups. I guess I should thank him for taking care of me. I have any other feelings for me besides disgust. I need to change that.

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"Change," I say quietly.

He looks at me as we tramp through the woods onto the abandoned highway. His face is bruised & bloody & his eyes sad. "Make it quick. Talking out in the open like this isn't wise."

I sigh, "Change, I know I just came along and-"

"Sh." He cuts me off. "Get back in the woods."

I clamp my mouth shut, knowing what we were using from, & dove back into the brush.

We peek out uncertainly & we see them.

Chapter 2 by Vanilla



The Obliterators.

At least that's what we call them. They have scientific instruments way beyond the understanding of our greatest scientists. But they also have a heart blacker than any murderer's.

They have invaded us, landed in our territory to snatch what was- is ours. Our Earth.

My hands twitch at the sight of the two aliens, they do not deserve to be called men. They have donned flowing black cloaks; are they trying to hide their dark insides?

But I shudder when my gaze drifts to the weapons at their sight. But the reason for my courage to hide behind my fear is the fact that they are walking towards us.

"Change, what now?"

I look sideways at him, see his brow tensed, and jaw clenched. Of course, he's angry at seeing the murderers.

"We'll ambush them."

What! I was about to suggest flight!

When he looks at my scared face, he explains, "Look, they are only two. We wouldn't get another chance like this. I need answers."

"But-"

"No buts. I'll do this alone if you don't want to."

I couldn't answer this. He was the one who saved me. Also, deep inside, I wanted to act too.

Instead I pretended to act brave and picked up three good heavy stones. Sometimes, fight

becomes necessary.

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